

THE POET'S CORNER.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRESTICE.

God! gone forever!—Like a dying wave Another year has gone—and its last low tones, Whirling in broken accents on the air, Are dying to the echo.

The gay Spring With its many charms has gone—with its leaves, Its atmosphere of fragrance, its clear, Its shimmering like carpets in the air—its birds Telling their love in music—and its streams Leaping and shooting from the up-tilled rocks That make earth echo with the joy of waves.

Again the winter, the dead, the barren, has gone; Its rainbow glowing on the distant cloud Like sprite of the Storm; its peaceful lakes Setting in their sweet sleep, at their dreams Were like a dream, fairer than the sun's eyes And overhanging sky; and its bright mists Resting upon the mountain tops, no crowns Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, too, Has given up its colors, its pale glories; gone With its green hills like a silent shadow; old Lifting their rich fruit offerings to the God; but cool winds straying 'mid the forest shades To wake their thousand wind-horses; its serens As though it were still in this time of vapors; and he meets so many objects abroad to divide his attention that his home may become only like his boarding-house, so that however unpleasant such a state of affairs may be, his is not an absorbing grief: he does not lose caste in the world, but continues to occupy that position to which he is entitled by nature and condition of mind, and may set up his own astre.

The winter comes, and brings a shiver on the eye of the law, a creature to be supplied with the necessary comforts of life but as his ability may procure them for her, to enjoy such society only as his condition may afford, for she sinks at once to his grade, and becomes the intimate of his relations. All this requires a very devoted degree of attachment, and unless a woman can say, in the touching language of the Scriptures, "I have found him, and he has found me," it has been a great mystery to me how you who were tenderly nurtured in your youth, could ever have hardships and toil in this new country; and instead of sinking under it grow calm and only remarking, "that children were great annoyances." he coldly left the room.

Let me, then, give you a sketch of their deep, old beauty has departed from the Earth, And they are gathered to the embrace of Death, Their solemn hymn to Heaven.

Now have they gone alone. High human hearts Of Passion have gone with them. The fresh dust Is given to the earth, that bears them down. We find the flowers of their lives, that, lo, that shaped Like angels from the hand, and wandered free In life's young morn to look upon the flowers. The poetry of nature, and to live.

That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and gazed On his head laid on some stone, his hands struck down In silence to the dust. And Love,

That died on his tomb of Day—died still Man will remain, to dream as he had dreamed, And mark the earth with passion. Will spring From the lone tomb of All—of Hope—

And then—And then, will rise up As they have risen—and their deeds will be Brighter than those engraved on the scroll Of parted centuries. Then the sea—

When the sun sets, when the billowy waves, Life's great events are heaving into birth, Heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths, And struggling to be free.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FASHIONS FOR WINTER.

Much simplicity is observable in the make of dresses—the ornaments, however, are various in gimp, passementerie, braidings, but the most elegant is the dentelle de velours, which possesses the advantage of matching the color of the dress. Embroidery, is also used on silk, cloth, cashmere, and the like, and still more often on velvet. Cloth is much used in walking-dresses, and the wearer fell in love too, especially after hearing she was possessed of a few thousand dollars. He was soon Flora's declared and accepted lover, and as he assured her "he could not live" without her accompanied him home; and she too feared "she would die" if she had to remain all winter in the city without seeing him, it was arranged that she should be married, and Mrs. Worthington hastened to shut herself in her chamber to give vent to her sorrow and anxiety in tears.

Flora was the youngest of four sisters, who were all married but herself. She was just twenty-one, and rather slender, but graceful, and a favorite in the circle in which she moved; but a slight vein of satire that sometimes perverted her conversation, gave evidence of a latent temperament that the vexations of life had not drawn out.

The flash of her dark eye and the haughty air of her crimson lip when crossed in any little place she had formed, told ton of a spirit that would joy in the stormy element of life, but that had hitherto flowed so placidly that she seemed to have no soul.

"Too like, I fear," said the mother, as the tears fell on the drooping limb, "that, my dear child, there is a fairer world than this, where the flowers never fade; where the clouds never hide the light of that glorious sky: for the glory of whose name is love, beams brightly and forever in those golden courts; the trees that grow on the bank of the river whose waters that blessed place never fade as they do in this world, and where friends meet there, they will be parted no more, but will sing hymns of praise to God for the joy of their salvation."

"And will I go to that happy place?" said the child, "and will you go with me?"

"Yes," said the mother, "we shall go in God's own time; when he calls us from this life, we shall dwell forever in his presence."

It was a little while and the mother bent over the grave of this little frail flower of intellect, withered by the untimely frosts of death; but she was alone, when in the twilight shades she sat upon the grassy bank, and grieved over the loss of that fair flower, who was gathering in oblivious silence. "Oh, no!" The soft and silvery tones of buried love whispered in the breeze that lifted the drooping flowers overcharged with the dewy tears of night. The diamond stars, that one by one came forth upon their shining water, seemed beaming with the light of that deathless flame, which burned undimmed upon the immortally shrine of her heart, and she enjoyed in the holy hours of solitude, that communion of pure spirits which exalted faith alone can bestow.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF RELIGION. Rev. Mr. Barnes, in his sermon before the missionary meeting, at Worcester, Mass., enumerated the following kinds of religion as prevalent at the present time:—

1. There is the religion of sentiment, that finds its enjoyment in the contemplation of the beautiful and grand, either on the page of nature or revelation; delighting in the starry heavens and the verdant fields, and in the story of redemption, who are the objects of its reverential awe. The name of Deity is no attribute of which it does not love to dwell.—This is the religion of poetry and philosophy.

2. The religion of forms, that began in the early ages of the church to introduce the rites and ceremonies of heathenism into the Christian Church, and despite of the Reformation, that value of religion by the sense of excitement it produces, it makes happiness the grape of piety, and the facility of shedding tears the evidence of penitence, and joy the proof of conversion.

3. The religion of principle, common to the early ages of the church, to introduce the rites and ceremonies of heathenism into the Christian Church, and despite of the Reformation, that value of religion by the sense of excitement it produces, it makes happiness the grape of piety, and the facility of shedding tears the evidence of penitence, and joy the proof of conversion.

4. The religion of PRINCIPLE has something in common with all these kinds of religion, but differs from them all. It embraces an intellectual adoption of right as a rule of action, and a steadfast adherence to it. It finds its authority not in whims or caprice, but in the revealed word of God, and does what is right and true, come what may. It makes the greatest sacrifice, and performs the most heroic deeds, not to be emblazoned among men, or exonerated when dead, but because it is right and God wills it.

5. The religion of the SABBATH. England, Scotland, and America, enjoy a Christian Sabbath. To them it is what God originally designed it should be in all the earth—a day of blessing and of mercy to man. But how melancholy the reflection that they only, among all the nations of the earth, have been beaten upon that Sabbath, and to the great injury of their health.

6. The religion of the SABBATH, even in Protestant Europe, is the bar across the Monogahela, which Bradock's army forced the river—the spot where the battle was fought—where the chief struggle and conflict occurred, are yet preserved, and the little springs of the hill side, where many a poor soldier ate his last meal, and died in the earth, in the skirmish, while the soil which greedily drank their life, now waves with luxuriant and golden harvests.

7. The religion of the SABBATH, even in Protestant Europe, is the bar across the Monogahela, which Bradock's army forced the river—the spot where the battle was fought—where the chief struggle and conflict occurred, are yet preserved, and the little springs of the hill side, where many a poor soldier ate his last meal, and died in the earth, in the skirmish, while the soil which greedily drank their life, now waves with luxuriant and golden harvests.

ADVICE TO THE LADY. Ladies generally appear very careful for their advice, but I will add, "Alas that we should say so." A correspondent, however, ventures to advise them relative to their clothes at this inclement season of the year—point upon which ladies are particularly anxious. We are probably hardly think him for throwing his old-fashioned opinions upon them—and continue to wear muslin and morocco, albeit the thermometer should be at zero.

He says that "they should be all and careful to attend to their clothing at this changeable season. Far short, when out doors and flannel dresses, especially when wet, are worn, will not only cool the body, but will lessen the number of vessels to that of devoured disease, consumption, which weekly swells the bills of mortality in our city to such an extent. Warm cloaks and a proper covering for the head, too, on returning from evening parties, would be a good service. Let us then enjoin these ladies to be very careful in their attire, and to be anxious for their health."

He says that "they should be all and careful to attend to their clothing at this changeable season. Far short, when out doors and flannel dresses, especially when wet, are worn, will not only cool the body, but will lessen the number of vessels to that of devoured disease, consumption, which weekly swells the bills of mortality in our city to such an extent. Warm cloaks and a proper covering for the head, too, on returning from evening parties, would be a good service. Let us then enjoin these ladies to be very careful in their attire, and to be anxious for their health."

This ought to be a caution to people at this inclement season of the year to be cautious how they place burning charcoal in their bed-chambers.

[Eastern Argus.]

TO MAKE COLOGNE WATER. To one pint of alcohol, add sixty drops of lavender, sixty drops of bergamot, sixty drops of essence of lemon, and sixty drops of orange water. Let it be corked up and well shaken. Agree improves it.

TO PURFUMES CLOTHES. Take cloves, cedar and rhubarb, each one ounce, pulverize and sprinkle it in the chest or drawer. It will create a beautiful scent, and prevent moths.

Flora.

A BACKWOODS STORY.

BY MRS. H. N. SARGENT.

from softening her heart she tried to strengthen her.

Thus her husband's relatives, sighing for her own city home, and ridiculing, with all the sarcastic irony of her natural disposition, every thing and every one that accorded not with her own ideas of propriety. Freeman gradually grew rich and popular, became a man of public business, a politician, and spent but little time with his wife. The only friend she had was her son, who was her despaired mother-in-law; and when ill-health, the result of voluntary confinement and sedentary habits, made her a prisoner at home, she was the only one who offered to console her or to alleviate her sufferings; for her husband had long since learned "the should not" of absence from her. Poor Flora, she has cast the gem of life that gave it all its lustre, and no wonder everything was cast to her.

Flora's cheek was varying through all the shades from rose to crimson, as with earnest voice and tearful eyes her mother thus scarcely held the needle with which she was embroidering some trifles. Mrs. Worthington waited a few minutes, and as Flora did not speak, she went to her bedchamber to console her.

"I need not repeat what you have so often heard, that marriage is the most important step in a woman's life. Men marry injudiciously; and for a time, may be very unhappy; but a thousand avenues lie open through which they may seek relief from the annoyance of a disagreeable companion. Ambition beckons him up to the climbing seat to the acquisition of wealth, and through this time of prosperity, he meets so many objects abroad to divide his attention that his home may become only like his boarding-house, so that however unpleasant such a state of affairs may be, his is not an absorbing grief: he does not lose caste in the world, but continues to occupy that position to which he is entitled by nature and condition of mind, and may set up his own astre."

As at length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tight eyes, the changing cheeks, that she was using to distract and lead his mind to the truth of her words.

At length, Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband when she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came late. He scarcely marked the qu